EPIGRAMS,

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH VERSE

FROM THE

ORIGINAL GREEK.

BRITISH MUSEUM
2
56
MAR

EPIGRAMS,

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH VERSE

FROM THE

ORIGINAL GREEK.

AND SELECTED FROM THE COMPILATION OF

RICH. FR. PHIL. BRUNCK,

PUBLISHED AT STRASBURG, A. D. 1773.

" Ce Mot veut dire proprement Inſcription ; ainſi une Epigramme
" devait être courte. Celles de l'Anthologie Greeque ſont pour
" la plupart fines & gracieuſes ; elles n'ont rien des Images groſ-
" ſieres que Catulle & Martial ont prodiguées, & que Marot &
" d'autres ont imitées." VOLT. DICT. PHIL. VOL. XL.

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PREFACE.

IN the humble province of a Tranſlator the writer of theſe lines preſumes not to addreſs himſelf to the claſſical ſcholar. To the Engliſh reader the following attempt to render into verſe ſome ſelect Epigrams from the copious collection of the learned Brunck is humbly offered. By the extenſive meaning of the word Epigram, or Inſcription, no ſubject whatever was excluded among the antients from this mode of compoſition. The Tranſlator has endeavoured to ſelect thoſe Epigrams whoſe ſubjects "came home to "men's buſineſs and boſoms;" and, to avoid thoſe which might perplex by mythologic

alluſion, or diſguſt by indelicate ſentiments and diction: in conſequence of which caution, the Notes are as few as poſſible, and thoſe merely explanatory.

The Tranſlator has not collected ſimilar paſſages from our minor Poets, as it would deprive the reader of the pleaſure of doing this himſelf, and ſwell the Notes to a diſproportionate ſize. Of the Epigrams on "Life," written by Poſſidippus and Metrodorus, a beautiful illuſtration may be ſeen in the "Adventurer," N° 107; where theſe oppoſite views of Life are examined and diſcuſſed with much fine philoſophical enquiry.

Among theſe Epigrams are ſome which the Greeks called "Scolia," which were extemporary compoſitions at a banquet. The following account of them may be entertaining to the reader, as it preſents a very pleaſing picture of the manners of that elegant and refined people. "At the feaſts of the ancient "Greeks, thoſe of the company who had the "character of wit and learning were called "on for ſome extemporary metrical compoſi-

"tion,

"tion, not according to the order the perſons "were placed in at table, but according to "their merits; from the irregularity ariſing "from this circumſtance the ſong was called "a Scolion *. The excellence of theſe ſhort "poems conſiſted in their containing ſome "moral inſtruction, or uſeful precept in the "conduct of life. Anacreon and Alcæus "were the moſt eminent in this ſpecies of "compoſition among the Greeks." See Athenæus, b. 15, p. 695, on the word Scolion.

If the following Eſſay may produce a liberal amuſement to the Engliſh reader, and induce the young ſtudent to become acquainted with the original compoſitions, the hopes of the Tranſlator will be fully gratified. In the Preface of Brunck to his "Analecta," the curious reader may find a ſatisfactory hiſtory of the progreſs of the Greek "Antho-"logia;" and in G. J. Voſſius's "Treatiſe of "Greek and Latin Poetry," he may find a chronological account of the ancient epigrammatiſts. The Tranſlator, in his arrangement

* See Σκολιος, irregular, Conſtant. Lexicon.

of the epigrams, has followed the mode purſued by Brunck.

The Tranſlator has alſo taken the liberty to affix to each Epigram the ſubject which the contents of it ſeemed moſt fully to imply, as many of the originals are printed without any title annexed to them.

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ERRATA.

P. 10. Strike out the epigram to Health, as it is more fully tranſlated p. 78.

P. 20. line 2, omit "durky."

P. 83. line 1, read "tho' to noiſy," &c.

Ibid. line 3, for "kiſs" read "lip."

EPIGRAMS.

MELEAGER.

THE IRRESOLUTE.

Epig. 61.

HASTE, Dorcas, to my Celia haſte;
No more the precious moments waſte:
But gently, Dorcas—prithee ſtay—
I have yet a thouſand things to ſay.
Go not with half your meſſage—run—
Fly, fly, good Dorcas—I have done.
I am all confuſion—pray take care,
And pour each word into her ear—
Drop not a ſyllable—My mind
Is alter'd, Dorcas—ſtay behind;
I will not ſend you, ſtupid elf—
I am reſolv'd—I'll go myſelf.—

MELEAGER.

TO A BEE FLYING ROUND MY MISTRESS

Epig. 108.

SAY, Bee, who oft, with buſy wing,
Haſt'neſt the freſh-blown flower to ſip;
Say, why you leave the buds of ſpring,
For lovely Pandamora's lip?

" Love's ſharpeſt arrows, in my heart,
" I feel, whilſt round her mouth I play."
Go, ſportive Inſect, hence depart;
Long ſince I knew what you would ſay.

MELEAGER.

To a LADY singing. Epig. 87.

BY Pan, your voice, my charming maid,
O'erwhelms my ſenſes with delight;
By Nature's partial hand pourtray'd,
Nor leſs your form enchants my ſight.

Two pleaſures, ſeizing thus my heart,
One moment of calm peace deny:
For, whilſt your notes ſuch joys impart,
Dear girl, I hear, I gaze, I die!

MELEAGER.

CUPID's FLIGHT. Epig. 91.

WHOE'ER the God of Love has ſeen,
Muſt know the wanderer I mean;
That fierce impetuous Boy, who fled
This morning early from his bed.
His tears flow gently; and his tongue
Moſt glibly; with two wings, is hung
A quiver on his back; his air
Intrepid; in his ſmiles appear
Deceit and archneſs; who his Sire
We know not, and in vain enquire;
Neither the ſky, the ſea, or earth,
Gave this inſidious urchin birth.—
Hated by all, to all a foe,
E'en now he pulls his fatal bow:
I ſee the rogue in ambuſh lies,
Lancing his darts from Clara's eyes.

SAP-

SAPPHO.

ON RICH BUT ILLITERATE WOMEN.

Epig. 11.

WHEN *Mora* dies, in endleſs night
Will ſink the ſplendor of her fame:
No more can Flattery delight;
How vain the triumph riches claim!

For near Parnaſſus, much-lov'd grove,
Unhappy *Mora* never ſtray'd:
Near Acheron condemn'd to rove
A nameleſs undiſtinguiſh'd ſhade!

ANACREON

On Conviviality. Epig. 84.

NO friend is he to ſocial joy,
Who theſe gay moments would deſtroy,
By tales of martial woe:
But he, who with a toaſt and ſong
The ſportive pleaſures ſhall prolong,
Which from yon goblet flow.

SIMONIDES.

On Honour. Epig. 14.

ON ſome rough mountain, ſteep and high,
Honour erects her cloudleſs throne;
Whoſe ſcite eludes the vulgar eye,
Acceſſible to thoſe alone,
Who every danger, every toil deſpiſe,
And through Fame's portals ſeek their native ſkies.

Ibid. On the figure of a BACCHANT. Epig. 81.

WHAT is this form—a Bacchant! who
Gave it thoſe looks ſo wild and true?
Bacchus!—No, Scopas, true to Fame,
For he and Nature paint the ſame.

TIMOCREON RODIUS
To PLUTUS.

THESE fair domains of earth and ſea,
Plutus, are no reſort for thee!
But, baniſh'd to thy native hell,
Near Acheron's lone regions dwell:
For the pale forms of Grief and Fear
In thy deteſted train appear.

PIT-

PITTACUS MITY LENEUS.

On Patience. 2d Epig.

TO guard againſt the menac'd blows
Of adverſe fortune and of foes,
Lo! Prudence lifts her ſhield:
Patience her firm advice beſtows,
"With vigour bear ſurrounding woes,"
When Fate commands to yield.

ARIPHON.

To Health.

HAIL, loveliest Goddess Health, with thee
Let me for ever wander free!
If aught of joy from riches flows;
If aught domestic life bestows;
If aught ambition's boundless power;
If aught, Love's secret, happy hour;
Thou, goddess, canst alone inspire
Each blooming hope and fond desire.

EVE-

EVENUS.

ON CONVERSATION. Epig. 3.

FLAT contradiction is a rule
Practis'd by every clown and fool:
The queſtion, why they thus object?
Soon would their ignorance detect.—
To ſuch this adage I apply,
"Sir you are right, and ſo am I."
But wiſe men, to conviction lean;
And aptly catch at what you mean.

EVE-

EVENUS.

THE CHOICE. Epig. 6.

SINCE we, from love and hatred too,
Of equal ills complain;
May I Love's flowery path purſue,
And court a pleaſing pain!

Ibid. TO A NIGHTINGALE. Epig. 13.

SWEET bird of night, whoſe honied throat
So ſoftly pours thy attic note;
Why to thy young ones bear away
Yon graſshopper, ſo blithe and gay?
For he, like you, with chearful voice,
Oft does the liſtening ſwain rejoice:
Like you, in Spring is wont to rove,
A welcome gueſt in every grove;
Like you, with ſpirits briſk and light,
From tree to tree he wings his flight:
Sweet nightingale, I pray forbear;
A ſongſter ſhould a ſongſter ſpare.

PLATO, Philosoph.

On Study. Epig. 30.

YE Nymphs, to Venus be due honours paid,
Or Love on you his potent darts ſhall try:
Go threaten Mars—The Muſes ſmiling ſaid;
Near us the wanton God will never fly.

MNASALEAS.

THE COMPLAINT OF VIRTUE. Epig. 14.

MOURNFULL I ſit forſaken and forlorn,
Whilſt flaunting Pleaſure triumphs at my ſide;
Ah, ſlighted Virtue! men thy dictates ſcorn,
The willing ſlaves of Luxury and Pride.

ASCLEPIADES.

To MELISSA. Epig. 11.

GO, Chaplet, at Meliſſa's gate,
With freſh unſhaken flowers await;
The tears, which ſorrow bids me ſhed,
Shall oft revive thy drooping head;
When ſhe approaches, happy hour,
Quick on her ringlets drop the ſhower:
Thus may Meliſſa's golden hair
Drink eagerly each votive tear.

ASCLEPIADES.

On Jealousy. Epig. 16.

WHILST with the fair Hermione I play'd,
And unreſtrain'd I kiſs'd the yielding maid;
On her gay zone, where ſhone a thouſand dyes,
In gold inſcrib'd this adage ſtruck my eyes:
"Kiſs me to-day, good wa[illegible] nor think with ſorrow,
"If others ſhare that [illegible]neſs to-morrow.'

To LARISSA. Epig. 21.

SAY, gentle virgin, why ſo coy?
Love's mutual happineſs enjoy,
Whilſt life and youth remain:
For what can pleaſe when youth is fled?
In the cold aſhes of the dead,
Can Love it's warmth retain?

LEE-

LEONIDAS TARENT.

On ANACREON. Epig. 38.

SEE, old Anacreon hither reels;
His tatter'd garment ſweeps his heels;
One careleſs ſlipper left behind
Betrays the wand'rings of his mind:
In tranſport, lo! he ſtrikes the ſtrings
Of Wine and potent Love he ſings.
Haſte, Bacchus, haſte, attend my call,
Or ſoon your favourite Bard will fall.

LEONIDAS TARENT.

On Drunkenness. Epig. 87.

HERE lies *Nicander's* noiſy ſpouſe,
Whoſe ſpirit Bacchus oft would rouſe.
This vaſt round goblet, on her tomb,
Is plac'd a ſymbol of her doom.
Tho' dead, ſhe mourns,—alas! ſhe left
Her children of her care bereft;
She weeps no doubt with grief ſincere,
Snatch'd from a huſband's tender care.—
Falſe are the reaſons you apply—
She mourns—becauſe her cup is dry.

THEOCRITUS.

ON A STATUE TO THE MUSES. Epig. 9.

FAM'D Zenocles, whoſe mind was grac'd
With harmony, this ſtatue plac'd
In honour of each much-lov'd Muſe.—
"The harp can little merit boaſt,
"A tuneful trifler at the moſt,
"If Poetry her aid refuſe."

BION.

To the Evening Star. Epig. 11.

HAIL, Veſper, Love's propitious light,
Reſplendent harbinger of durky night!
Tho' when thy lamp exalts his fires,
Obſcur'd, each leſſer ſtar retires;
Yet vainly would'ſt thou ſtrive to vie
With yon pale regent of the ſky—
For her, do thou direct my way
(The Moon too ſhort a time will ſtay).
I haſte to join the ſhepherd train,
Who ſport and dance on yonder plain.
I go not by nocturnal ſtealth
To rob my neighbour of his wealth;
Nor in the traveller's path conceal,
With fell intent, the murderous ſteel.
No—Love directs my gentle feet;
And Love a kind return ſhould meet.

CAL-

CALLIMACHUS.

The Prudent Choice. Epig. 37.

To Pittacus a ſtranger came,
Invited by the Sage's fame;
Deſirous of ſome ſound advice,
Propos'd this queſtion deep and nice:
Great Pittacus, firſt underſtand
I have two marriages in hand—
One laſs is, all my friends agree,
Equal in every point to me;
The other, both in birth and riches,
Much my ſuperior—Now, pray, which is
The prudent choice, Sir? With a laugh,
Pittacus rais'd his faithful ſtaff,
And, pointing to ſome boys at play,
Go there, and hear what they will ſay.
The ſtranger put his caſe: all cried,
Your equal is your proper bride.

ANTIPATER SIDON:

On water-drinkers. Epig. 8.

NOT Pleiads, dreadful to the Weſtern Main,
The angry ſeas, which daſh on yon proud rock;
Nor the loud thunder rolling o'er the plain,
With equal horrors, can my boſom ſhock,
As the pale Water-drinker, who to light
Uſhers the mad'ning follies of the night.

ANTI-

ANTIPATER SIDON:

ON THE ALTAR OF MARS. Epig. 29.

I.

THESE ſhining arms, this nodding plume,
That well an harmleſs feaſt might grace,
Say, what rude ſtranger dare preſume
In this my ſacred fane to place?

II.

To Mars the fragment of a ſheild,
The helmet bruis'd, the blood-ſtain'd ſpear,
Each relique of the well-fought field;
To War's terrific God are dear.

ANTIPATER SIDON.

On seeing an eagle perch on the tomb of ARISTOMENES.

Epig. 92.

CLOUD-piercing bird of Heaven's eternal King,
Why ſpreads the mighty ſhadow of thy wing
O'er the proud ſtone, which marks to curious eyes
Where Ariſtomenes the valiant lies?
"Know, mortal, oft where laurel'd heroes reſt
"The towering eagle deigns to build her neſt.
"What bird ſhall with ambitious pinions dare
"With me to cleave yon purer fields of air?
"Who near this glorious chief ſhall dare to place
"His rival name, among the human race?"
Let timid doves point out the coward's grave;
The eagle's wing protects the aſhes of the brave.

POSIDIPPUS.

ON THE STATUE OF TIME. Epig. 913.

SAY what the ſculptor's birth and name,
Lyſippus-Sicyon, boaſts my fame?
Thyſelf inſtruct me how to call, [*To the Statue.*
Time, the great conqueror of all—
Say why on tip-toe, tripping light?
I run with never ceaſing flight.—
The meaning of thoſe wings declare;
High on the winds my courſe they bear.—
How does that ſcythe thy hand employ?
With edge reſiſtleſs I deſtroy.—
What means thy forehead grac'd with hair;
Thy ſcalp behind ſo thin and bare?
When I approach, let man be wiſe,
And watchful ſeize the fleeting prize:—
When I unheeded paſs away,
Lament the folly of delay.—
Why has the artiſt thus deſign'd
Thy figure! to inſtruct mankind?—

POSIDIPPUS.

ON LIFE. Epig. 16.

WHAT path of life ſhall man purſue,
And find its real ſorrows few?
At the ambitious bar you meet
Contention fierce, and baſe Deceit.
The merchant truſts, with vent'rous ſail,
His treaſures to the faithleſs gale.—
A ſtubborn and ungrateful ſoil
Mocks the ſad plowman's daily toil.—
The picture of domeſtic life
Forms an unvaried ſcene of ſtrife.—
If rich, you ſeek a foreign land,
Dread poiſon, or a ruffian's hand—
If poor, unaided you remain,
And linger thro' a life of pain.—
Marriage a thouſand ills annoy—
A ſingle life admits no joy.—
Old age is ſcorn'd—by paſſions rude,
Our youthful vigor falls ſubdu'd.—
Ah, man! to whom, in luckleſs hour,
Great Jove thy ſad exiſtence gave;
Solicit his relenting power,
To bleſs thee with an early grave.

ARCHE-

ARCHELAUS.

ON THE STATUE OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT, BY LYSIPPUS.

SEE Philip's ſon with dignity appear,
With Lion front, and proud imperial air;
Hear him exclaim, upturn'd his piercing eye,
The earth is mine!—Jove, govern thou the ſky!

PTOLEMY.

On Astronomy. Epig. 2.

THO' but the being of a day,
When I yon planet's courſe ſurvey
This earth I then deſpiſe—
Near Jove's eternal throne I ſtand,
And quaff from an immortal hand
The nectar of the ſkies.

ARCHIAS.

On an Echo. Epig. 15.

NO more the ſportive Echo chide,
O ſwain, with notes by you ſupply'd;
Whilſt thus my mimic voice I try;
If you are ſilent, ſo am I.

The speech of DIOGENES to CHARON.

Epig. 34.

STERN guardian of this gloomy ſhore,
Quick puſh thy crazy bark afloat;
From yonder world no joys I bore,
Old Charon, to retard thy boat:
A ſtaff, a tub, a ſtout warm veſt,
Were all my ſtore, and all my gains:
Come, ferryman, admit your gueſt,
And take this penny for your pains.

MYRINUS.

On Rural Tranquillity. Epig. 3.

THYRSIS, to whom the village maids
Their wandering flocks aſſign;
Beneath this pine's embowering ſhades
Lies ſunk in ſleep and wine.
The ſhepherd's crook ſee Cupid take,
As guardian of the fold.
Haſte, nymphs, the drowſy ſwain awake,
And bid the youth be bold:
Nor let yon famiſh'd wolf deſtroy,
That blind, that heedleſs, wanton boy.

ANTIPATER THESSALON:

On Modesty. Epig. 46.

ANTIGONUS perceiv'd th' approach of death,
And gave this counſel with his lateſt breath:
Fair daughter, honeſt labour be your guide;
Ne'er let the diſtaff quit your patient ſide:
But, ſhould a lover court you to his arms,
Let modeſty commend your ſober charms;
Let your dear mother's maxims form your life,
So ſhall you prove the beſt and richeſt wife.

CRINAGORAS MITYL:

ON A FIGURE OF CUPID BOUND. Epig. 1.

WEEP and bemoan, inſidious boy,
And wring your hands; I ſee with joy
None will unbind you: who is near,
That heeds the piteous look you wear?
How oft have you from mortal eyes
Forc'd briny tears! what death-like ſighs
Have lovers heav'd, whilſt in their hearts
You ſtruck your ſharp and cruel darts!
Still you with ſmiles and joy could hear
Their ſtrains of ſorrow and deſpair;
We now can triumph o'er your pains,
"A tyrant victor bound in chains!"

CRI-

CRINAGORAS.

ON PHILOSOPHY. Epig. 33.

STILL does my ſoul to airy hopes reſign
Her powers, and ſtill on miſty clouds repoſe,
In ſickly dreams poſſeſs an Indian mine?
Alas, no bliſs to man ſpontaneous flows—
No more—But fix'd in learning's path remain,
Chear'd by Philoſophy's exalted rules;
And leave the baſeleſs viſions of the brain,
To mock and ſport with madmen and with fools.

LOLLIUS BASSUS.

On a middle state of life. Epig. 6.

NE'ER may my little veſſel ſail,
By boiſterous winds and tempeſt toſt;
Nor panting for the riſing gale,
In a dull calm be ever loſt!

May I a tranquil path purſue
Thro' this mixt ſcene of joys and ſtrife!
May no dark clouds obſtruct my view!
I court the balmy gales of life.

AN

ANTIPHILUS BYZANT:

BY TIMOMACHUS.

ON A PORTRAIT OF MEDEA. Epig. 20.

SEE fam'd Timomachus ſublimely trace
The varying ſorrows of Medea's face!
Contending paſſions all his art engage,
A mother's love, an injur'd woman's rage:
True to his pencil, ſee each eye appears,
A doubtful ſtruggle betwixt rage and tears:
Such powers the artiſt's labours could acquire,
She melts with pity now, now burns with ire.
Thus far extends the painter's modeſt art;
The reſt demands Medea's vengeful heart.

ANTIPHILUS BYZANT.

On LEONIDAS.

GREAT Chief, lo Perſia's King, with honours due,
Spreads o'er thy tomb this veſt of purple hue:
Hence with thy flattery; hence, vile ſlave, depart;
I ſcorn your gifts—mine is no traytor's heart:
No ſpoils of wealth my humble grave ſhall bear,
Save theſe bright arms that Freedom bade me wear.
Still does your ſhade your former mind retain,
And hate of Perſia ſtill in death remain?
Know, ſlave, that Freedom's holy flame ſurvives
The fleeting breath, and in our aſhes lives.

DIO-

DIODORUS, Junior.

On an empty monument raised to THEMISTOCLES.

Epig. 10.

I.

TO brave Themiſtocles, of deathleſs fame,
Magneſia's grateful ſons this marble raiſe:
His mighty arm, and far-extended name,
Bade Freedom's ſacred fire more brightly blaze.

II.

To ſome remoter clime and happier ſhore,
Envy the hero's aſhes has conveyed:
Magneſia's race with manly grief deplore
Theſe empty honours to ſuch valour paid.

LEONIDAS ALEXAND:

On a bad Musician. Epig. 6.

I.

SIMILLUS long in Nature's ſpite
His patient powers of muſic tried;
And toil'd thro' each diſcordant night,
Till every neighbour fled or died;

II.

Except Origines, to whom
Kind Fate (the ſame misfortune fearing),
To ſave him from an early tomb,
Denied the dangerous ſenſe of hearing.

LEONIDAS ALEXAND.

ON A VENUS ARMED. Epig. 24.

WHY, Venus, art thou clad in arms,
When, conquer'd by your native charms,
The God of Battle dropt his ſhield?
Ah, if thy irreſiſtleſs ſway,
A power immortal muſt obey
Shall feeble man diſdain to yeild?

CAPITO.

ON GRACE.

SHORT is the triumph of that face,
Where beauty ſhines devoid of grace.
Fiſh may with joy the bait ſurvey,
The hook alone ſecures the prey.

PARMENIO MACEDON:

On Content. Epig. 10.

WITH this poor humble garb content,
I on the Muſe's bounty live,
Nor e'er the wealthy will frequent;
To flatterers their ſmiles they give:
The ſweets of Freedom whilſt I know,
I ſcorn the rich man's haughty brow.

ANTIPHANES MACEDON;

To a Miser. Epig. 4.

WHAT ſtill add pound to pound? know Time,
Which heaps your bags on bags ſublime,
Will add its wrinkles too:
Tho' from the genial feaſt you fly,
Or turn from Celia's magic eye,
The chaplet's various hue:
You ſoon muſt die of all bereft,
You prize; one lonely penny left.

QUINTUS MÆCIUS,

TO PHILÆNIS.

ON JEALOUSY. Epig. 3.

I.

WHY ſo confus'd thoſe lovely eyes?
Ah, why thoſe golden ringlets tear?
Ah, why break forth thoſe frequent ſighs?
Ah, why thy ſecret thoughts forbear?

II.

Saw you, when o'er a rival maid
Your perjur'd ſwain enamour'd hung?
Ah, why deny! (I boaſt ſome aid)
Your eyes betray your ſilent tongue.

ARISTON.

To a mouse in my Study. Epig. 2.

O Mouſe, if rich and luſcious cheeſe,
Or the dried fig your palate pleaſe;
Go, and ſome ſtatelier manſion ſeek,
With dainty tooth and ſkin ſo ſleek—
But if, leſs nice by hunger made,
Thoſe duſty volumes you invade;
Diſguſted ſoon by Morſels crude,
You'll ſcorn the ſcholar's taſteleſs food.

MARCUS ARGENT.

TO A BLACKBIRD. Epig. 28.

ON this high oak no more, ſweet bird,
May your ear-piercing notes be heard.
This is no friendly tree; haſte, fly
To where yon vine, with branches high,
And purple leaves, invite your ſtay;
There reſt your wing, renew your lay;
Nor dread the fowler's fatal ſnare;
For ſongſters are to Bacchus dear.

APOL-

APOLLINARIUS.

To a Flatterer. Epig. 2.

WHILST in my abſence, Sir, you rail,
Your labour of its end muſt fail;
For who will then attend?
But, when you praiſe me to my face,
I own I feel the ſad diſgrace
Of being call'd your friend.

ANTIOCHUS.

On an ugly and profligate Man.

Epig. 2.

TO paint the ſecret paſſions of the heart,
Claims the bold writer's philoſophic art;
Common the imitative power to trace
The mimic features of the human face.
In Phaulothumon's character we find
Theſe rules revers'd of body and of mind.
His front the vices of his heart betrays;
There honeſt Nature all the man diſplays:
His hideous features with his mind agree;
But who would picture what they loath to ſee?

LU-

LUCIAN.

On an old Lady painting her face.

Epig. 6.

YOU dye your locks with wonderous art;
But ſtill old age will play its part:
Truſt me, my dear, all art is weak
To ſmooth the wrinkles on that cheek:
Thro' all the poor deſign we trace,
You wear a maſk inſtead of face;
For all the paint, you look ſo well in,
Will ne'er make Hecuba an Helen.

LUCIAN

On Hypocrisy. Epig. 16.

WHILST Myro, 'midſt his roaring friends,
So much ſobriety pretends;
Poor Myro, by his ill-tim'd plan,
Appears the only drunken man.

Ibid. On a bad Orator. Epig. 21.

TO pleading, Bittus, what is thy pretence,
Whom neither logic guides, nor common ſenſe?

LUCIAN.

On long beards. Epig. 23.

IF length of beard can depth of ſenſe denote,
A ſecond Plato view in yonder goat!

Ibid. Epig. 24.

MY friend, an eminent phyſician,
Truſted his ſon to my tuition.
The father wiſh'd me to explain
The beauties of old Homer's ſtrain—
But ſcarce theſe lines the youth had read
"Of thouſands number'd with the dead,
"Of ghaſtly wounds and cloſing eyes,
"Of broken limbs and heartfelt ſighs;"
Grave Sage, exclaims the Youth, adieu:
My Sire can teach as well as you.

LUCIAN.

On the Gout. Epig. 27.

GODDESS, who ſhunn'ſt the cottage gate,
Companion of the rich and great,
To feet of ſtrangers you confide;
Your arms a crutch on either ſide:
Whilſt tottering round the gilded room,
You fling the coſtly rich perfume;
To you the table's ſumptuous fare,
And roſe-encircled wreath, are dear;
For you the mantling bowl ſhall flow
(Joys which the poor can never know);
In whoſe ſad path, with thorns o'erſpread,
Your pamper'd form ſhall never tread;
But to the purple couch ſhall go,
Where lies in ſtate the great man's Foe.

LUCIAN.

On Oeconomy. Epig. 28.

As if this hour life's pageant ſcene ſhould cloſe,
Enjoy the good propitious Fate beſtows;
As if ſecure of each revolving year,
Your wealth, tho' great, with caution learn to ſpare.
Happy is he, who plants a guardian fence
Betwixt vile penury and mad expence.

LUCIAN.

On Prodigality. Epig. 30.

THERON, Menippus' thoughtleſs heir,
Of vice purſued the mad career;
Till dread of poverty too late
Pourtray'd the horrors of his fate—
His friend Euctemon ſaw with grief
His miſery, and brought relief;
Gave him his daughter; gave him land;
And money, with a patron's hand:
Theron, reſtor'd to wealth in vain
(Whilſt former vices yet remain),
Shipwreck'd once more his health and eaſe
On Poverty's tempeſtuous ſeas;
Euctemon wept for him no more,
But for his daughter and her dower;
No more that heedleſs youth would truſt,
Who to himſelf had prov'd unjuſt.

LUCIAN.

On Friendship. Epig. 34.

NO greater evil to the heart
Of man, can miſery e'er impart,
Than vows of Friendſhip inſincere.
To threats of proud inſulting foes,
Courage and caution we oppoſe:
A friend will find our boſoms bare.

LUCIAN.

On Parsimony. Epig. 37.

He, who his wealth by generous means diſplays,
Merits the name of rich, deſerves the praiſe.
He who for endleſs treaſures ever ſighs,
Whilſt pile on pile, and bags on bag ariſe,
Shall toil like yonder bees with fruitleſs care;
And others ſhall the luſcious honey ſhare.

LUCILLIUS.

To a School-master, a Cuckold.

Epig. 19.

WHILST thus explaining, Sir, you damn to Fame,
The tale of Paris and the Spartan Dame:
How much your own domeſtic plan miſcarries!
Your wife is Helen, and each neighbour Paris.

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LUCILLIUS.

TO A COXCOMB WITH A FRIGHTFUL COUNTENANCE.

Epig. 19.

NO more near yonder fountain ſtray,
Nor in yon ſtream your face ſurvey,
Reverſing ſad Narciſſus' fate:
He was by idle love betray'd
To languiſh for a beauteous ſhade;
But you will pine with grief and hate.

LU-

LUCILLIUS.

On an ugly Coquet. Epig. 33.

HOW falſely does Dorinda's glaſs,
Reflect her face, whene'er ſhe views it!
If it told truth, I think the laſs
Would ſeldom have a wiſh to uſe it.

LU-

LUCILLIUS.

On a spouting Poetaster. Epig. 72.

HE is Apollo's genuine prieſt,
Who richly does his audience feaſt;
Who, after a prolix recital,
Offers no dinner in requital:
Oh may his Patron rightly know him,
And give, in lieu of caſh, a poem!

Ibid. On the portraits of DEUCALION and PHAETON,

By an indifferent Painter.

Epig. 93.

MENESTRATUS, no doubt, you deem
Your toils a due reward require;
I'll throw Deucalion in that ſtream,
And fling your Phaeton in the fire.

LUCILLIUS.

Ibid. THE FRUGAL MAN. Epig. 104.

CRITO eſpied by chance a mouſe,
Entering with cautious ſtep his houſe;
The Sage, with well diſſembled fear,
Cries, Ho! good mouſe, what brought you here?
The animal, in humble ſtyle,
Anſwer'd his landlord with a ſmile:
Well knowing what your means afford,
I came to lodge, and not to board.

LUCILLIUS.

ON FRIENDSHIP. Epig. 122.

SAY whither theſe profeſſions tend?
Actions alone proclaim the friend;
Malice in friendſhip's maſk we know,
Strikes deeper than the open foe:
From the conceal'd and treacherous rock,
The gallant veſſel meets the ſhock.

Ibid. ON INVALIDS. Epig. 213.

FOR thoſe, whom Death's unerring dart
Has reach'd, no more my tears ſhall flow:
But he with ſorrow wrings my heart,
Who waits each hour the menac'd blow.

GLAUCUS.

ON THE PICTURE OF PHILOCTETES, BY PARRHASIUS.

Epig. 5.

YOUR art, ingenious painter, can renew
The hero's ſorrows and his death-like hue;
Trace in the hollow eye the lingering tear,
That ſpeaks in ſilence all his inward care.
Ceaſe, artiſt, tho' thy ſkill we all commend:
Muſt Philoctetes' miſery never end?

STRATO.

STRATO.

To CHLORIS. Epig. 30.

WHILST thus a few kiſſes I ſteal,
Dear Chloris, you gravely complain;
If reſentment you really do feel,
Pray give me my kiſſes again.

Ibid. ON A BOOK IN THE HANDS OF EUDOXIS. Epig. 50.

AH, happy volume, oft I view
Eudoxis gaily ſport with you:
Now to her chin I ſee you preſs'd;
Now fluttering on her ſnowy breaſt;
Now on her knee ſupinely plac'd;
Ah, now her roſy lips you taſte;
How bleſt, thus welcome to intrude
On her ſoft hours of ſolitude!
In thoſe, dear volume, be my friend;
In thoſe my prayers, my vows commend.

RUFINUS. Epig. 3.

THREE nymphs, who of beauty diſputed the prize,
Agreed to appeal to the teſt of my eyes;
The judgement of Paris occurr'd to my mind,
Who to power and wiſdom by love was made blind;
I told them in neither a fault I could ſee,
I call'd each a Goddeſs, and crown'd them all three.

RUFINUS.

To ZENOPHITA.

Epig. 15.

ACCEPT, ſweet maid, this chaplet, which I wove
With my own hands, to witneſs how I love!
The roſe, the lily, with contraſted hue,
The pale narciſſus, and the violet blue,
Attract your eyes in varied colours bright,
Nor leſs inſtruct your mind, than pleaſe your ſight:
How ſoon they fade! ah, bleſs this happy hour,
And ſmile conſent—for beauty is a flower.

RUFINUS.

THE COQUET. Epig. 22.

I.

LOVELY Daphne now is coy,
Whilſt the roſe luxuriant blooms
On her cheeks; with wanton joy,
She on youthful charms preſumes.

II.

Whilſt for her the votive wreath
With many a flowret I prepare,
Trampling it her feet beneath,
With knitted brow ſhe ſcorns my prayer.

III.

Haſte, Old Age, with treſſes grey,
Wrinkles deep, and pallid face,
Teach the nymph, of her delay
All the follies and diſgrace.

RUFINUS.

THE UNEQUAL COMBAT. Epig. 23.

WHILST I, with Reaſon for my ſhield,
Challenge young Cupid to the field;
Tho' he a god, and I a man,
Yet let him conquer, if he can;
But, ſhould the urchin, ever ſly,
Bring roſy Bacchus his ally,
Quickly I'll ſhun this brace of Gods,
For two to one are fearful odds.

RU-

RUFINUS.

THE EXTREMES. Epig. 35.

THE damſel too prudiſhly ſhy,
Or too forward, what ſwain would poſſeſs?
For the one will too often deny;
The other too ſoon will ſay yes.

RUFINUS.

To an amorous Old Maid.

Epig. 38.

I.

WHAT, now you can ſmile and look wonderfully pleaſant!
Indeed, my dear madam, 'tis rather too late;
Excuſe me, I am not at leiſure at preſent
To count the few locks that remain on your pate.

II.

Leave ogling, your beauties are now out of faſhion:
I have loſt too my reaſon, no doubt, you ſuppoſe;
At this time of day to continue my paſſion,
Is to take the dry thorn, when I aſk'd for the roſe.

PALLADIUS ALEXAND:

On a Droll. Epig. 15.

TO Epigrams I'll bid adieu,
Since blockheads think me ſo provoking;
But when *Paphlagon's* face I view,
I find freſh matter there for joking.

PALLADIUS ALEXAND:

ON A LAZY DRUNKEN MAN. Epig. 56.

SYLVANUS has two children, one
Call'd Sleep, the other Wine; undone
By both his favourites, he attends
Neither to ſtudy or his friends.
One bids him riſe, torments his head;
The other nails him to his bed,

PALLADIUS ALEXAND:

On a Pedant. Epig. 58.

HENCE, Fop of impudence and folly bred,
With brazen forehead, and with brains of lead!
How dare you urge your arrogant pretence
To Priſcian's learning, or to Plato's ſenſe!
From ethics to philoſophy you range,
And now, for Priſcian's, Plato's page you change.
Thus, whilſt on both much labour you beſtow,
Nor grammar, nor philoſophy, you know.

PALLADIUS ALEXAND.

On Silence. Epig. 77.

SILENCE, to thee Inſtruction owes
The bleſſings ſhe on man beſtows.
Pythagoras, thy favourite ſage
(Born to inſtruct a learned age),
Tho' eloquent himſelf, pourtray'd
And prais'd thy charms, meek, ſober maid:
To Wiſdom's ſons this truth is known,
That Peace and Freedom are thine own.

PAL-

PALLADIUS ALEXAND:

To a Geometrician. Epig. 91.

How meaſure you earth's boundaries, ſay,
Yourſelf ſo ſmall a ſpot of clay?
Examine firſt yourſelf, and know
How broad, how narrow, high or low:
If ignorant of ſo ſmall a ſpace,
Can you the world's vaſt limits trace?

Ibid. On a Cupid disarmed. Epig. 94.

Stript of his firey darts and fatal bow,
See Cupid ſmiles; how mild the Urchin's brow!
In either hand he holds a fiſh and flower,
O'er ſea and earth juſt emblems of his power.

PALLADIUS ALEXAND:

On Wealth. Epig. 110.

O Gold, of Pain and Pleaſure born!
Thy good and ill how near!
To want thee is to live forlorn:
To have thee is to fear.

Ibid. On Independence. Epig. 108.

AH, fair inſidious Hope, adieu,
Parent of Wiſhes ever new,
From Fortune's power I now am ſafe:
Whilſt Liberty, with chearing ſmiles,
The cares of Poverty beguiles,
I at the rich and haughty laugh.

PALLADIUS ALEXAND:

On Flattery. Epig. 134.

I.

WHEN Princes, by themſelves betray'd,
Will purchaſe flattery with gold,
E'en Virtue's friends muſt be afraid,
And grieve, when praiſe is baſely ſold.

II.

Alike the character they blame,
Where loſt is every generous thought,
In villains who dare ſell a name,
In pamper'd fools by whom 'tis bought.

PAL-

PALLADIUS ALEXAND:

On Candour. Epig. I. 142.

EACH generous virtue to commend,
Diſcover'd, or in foe or friend,
  Muſt wake to ſocial joy the ſoul:
But cenſure to the feeling mind
Muſt leave a painful thought behind,
  Tho' truth ſhould every word controul.

METRODORUS.

On Life. Epig. 1.

I.

HENCE, vain diſtruſt and idle fears,
Ye ſickly progeny of Spleen;
Life can admit no gloomy cares,
But joy illumines every ſcene.

II.

Wiſdom and Fame the bar beſtows:
Domeſtic life the peaceful hour:
Gay Health from ruſtic labour flows:
On trade deſcends a golden ſhower.

III.

In foreign lands the rich ſhall feel
Their proud pre-eminence confeſt;
And there the poor man may conceal
The ſilent ſorrows of his breaſt.

IV.

A Wife ſhall every joy increaſe:
A ſingle life no cares engage:
In youth new ſcenes of action pleaſe,
And honours crown the head of age.

V.

Think not life a world of pain,
Since ſuch pleaſures all await;
Let us well our parts ſuſtain;
And the exit leave to fate.

ARI-

ARIPHRON SYCYÓN.

To Health. Epig. 23.

HAIL, Jove-born goddeſs, Health, with thee
Let me for ever wander free!
If aught of joy from riches flows;
If aught domeſtic life beſtows;
If aught, a juſt and balanc'd power;
If aught, Love's ſecret, happy hour;
If aught beſide propitious Heaven,
Balm of his cares, to man has given;
You, Goddeſs, can alone inſpire
Each blooming hope and gay deſire:
An exile from your tranquil reign,
Man lingers through a life of pain.

JULIANUS ÆGYPT:

THE OFFERING OF LAIS TO VENUS.
Epig. 4.

LAIS ſaw Nature's quick decay,
The wrinkled cheek, the ringlet grey,
And heav'd an heartfelt ſigh:
"Witneſs of all that makes me grieve,
"Venus, this hateful glaſs receive,
"Your charms can time defy."

JULI-

JULIANUS ÆGYPT:

Written on a Sailor's tomb.

Epig. 49.

BLAME not the boiſterous winds or treacherous wave,
For neither brought you to your early grave;
'Twas the dire thirſt of gold that taints the ſoul,
And urg'd thy vent'rous bark from pole to pole—
May I ſecure, tho' poor, on land remain,
And leave to others angry ſeas and gain.

JU-

JULIANUS ÆGYPT:

To the memory of a Lady whose name was *FAIR.*

FAIR, in whoſe name and praiſes ſtill we trace
The rival beauties of her mind and face,
Lies buried here—Companions of her tomb,
Each Grace is fled, and Nature's youthful bloom:
As Dian chaſte by various ſuitors prov'd;
A Venus only to the man ſhe lov'd.

AGATHIAS.

ON COURTSHIP. Epig. 4.

I.

WOULD you act the prudent lover,
Still maintain the manly part:
Let not downcaſt looks diſcover
All the ſorrows of your heart.

II.

Women ſoon the truth divining,
Slily laugh, or ſharply rail,
When the Swain in accents whining
Tells his melancholy tale.

III.

Nor, by ſanguine hopes directed,
Uſe a victor's haughty ſtrain:
Every nymph, by pride protected,
Learns to ſcorn the forward ſwain.—

IV.

Him for conqueſt Love ſhall faſhion,
Him the Graces all attend,
Who, to the moſt ardent paſſion,
Joins the lover and the friend.

AGATHIAS.

To PHYLLIS. Epig. 16.

WHAT, tho' noiſy mirth a foe,
In wine no happineſs I know;
But when with dear delicious kiſs,
Phyllis, the mantling juice you ſip,
And reach to me the treacherous bowl,
A ſudden tranſport fires my ſoul;
Ah, then no longer I forbear,
My lovely Hebe ſtanding near;—
The goblet, conſcious of the bliſs,
To me conveys the rapturous kiſs:
Thy lips, fair idol of my heart,
To wine new joys, new taſte impart.

AGATHIAS.

THE DIALOGUE. Epig. 8.

F. WHY ſighs my friend? *L.* For love I ſigh;
F. Say whoſe the faſcinating eye?
L. A lovely Virgin's. *F.* Will ſucceſs
Smile on your hopes? *L.* I think no leſs.
F. Ah, friend, the ſympathy how ſweet,
When Hymen and when Cupid meet!
L. Alas you quite miſtake my mind,
Cupid alone I hope to find:
F. Marriage you then diſown, your flame
Perhaps is indigent? *L.* The ſame.
F. Whilſt thus you weigh in Reaſon's ſcales
Love's claims, and Prudence ſtill prevails;
Your heart, my cautious friend, you prove,
The ſlave of every thing but love.

AGATHIAS.

ON ÆSOP'S STATUE, PLACED AT THE HEAD OF THOSE OF THE SEVEN SAGES OF GREECE.

Epig. 35.

LYCIPPUS, well has your diſcerning taſte
Before yon ſages Æſop's ſtatue plac'd:
Our reaſon, they with Logic's power aſſail,
By force of ſolid argument prevail:
Harſh is their method; Æſop, more refin'd,
At once inſtructs and entertains the mind;
Each hearer's pride and fancy he beguiles,
Whilſt Wiſdom borrows Fiction's airy ſmiles.

AGATHIAS.

ON LEARNING. Epig. 58.

THE picture's variegated dyes,
Yon columns, which in order riſe,
On their poſſeſſors can beſtow
The lively joys of pomp and ſhow;
But theſe no honour can create
Beyond life's evaneſcent ſtate;
But Virtue and fair Science claim
The tribute of immortal fame.
Say, can the painter's tranſient art
To Homer deathleſs praiſe impart?
Say, can you ſtatue's mouldering grace
Plato's immortal glories trace:
Bleſt ſhades! whoſe names and works ſublime
Mock the vain threats of waſteful time.

AGA-

AGATHIAS.

On the tyranny of Fortune to an exiled King.

Epig. 65.

WHERE is your frown majeſtic? where are flown
Thoſe gay, thoſe conſtant flatterers, near your throne?
Far from the city, and alone you go,
('Tis Fortune's rigid edict), heir of woe!
Myſterious Goddeſs! mighty is your power,
You ſtill delude us, and we ſtill adore.

AGATHIAS.

On an unjust Lawyer. Epig. 76.

THE puniſhment which waits on fraud,
Vain Sophiſt, ſhall your arts record:
Diſgraceful is your fond pretence
To falſe priſmatic eloquence:
Juſtice, who with unerring light,
Launces on truth her beams ſo bright,
Shall diſſipate thoſe fainter rays
Your boyiſh fancy oft diſplays.

AGATHIAS.

On Death. Epig. 81.

THEE, Death, weak mortals fear; but why
At thy approach diſeaſes fly,
And Poverty's pale train:
But once thy fatal dart is ſped,
Each hour the fell attacks we dread
Of want and torturing pain.

PAULUS

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS.

To a coxcomb. Epig. 22.

SAY, Sir, for whom you plait your hair,
And trim your nails with niceſt care;
To captivate what female breaſt,
You wear that gawdy colour'd veſt:
Is Rodocle your abſent flame?
Good Sir, you quite miſtake my aim;
For Rodocle I never ſaw
With amorous joy, or fond ſurprize:
Nor do I wiſh on me to draw
The golden beams of Chloe's eyes.

PAULUS

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS.

Epig. 24.

I.

I SWORE by each immortal power,
For two whole days to diſappear;
But ah, dear girl, each ſlow-pac'd hour,
Already ſeems a long, long year!

II.

To all thoſe Gods, with fond regret,
Full oft my ſuppliant knee I bow;
May they my perjur'd oath forget,
And you, dear girl, my idle vow.

PAULUS

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS.

THE RESOLVE, TO EUPHEMIA.

Epig. 31.

HOW long, ſweet maid, ſhall we forbear to ſhow
Our eyes, our hearts, with mutual paſſions glow?
Nor from reſtraint ſet free the tortur'd ſoul?
But ſhould our ſoft endearments ought controul,
This ſword the frowns of fortune ſhall defy;
With you—I am prepar'd to live or die!

PAULUS

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS.

ON TAKING OF LEAVE OF CHLOE.

Epig. 39.

OFT have I ſaid farewell, and ſaid in vain,
Still near my lovely miſtreſs I remain:
Nor leſs I dread an exile from her ſight,
Than the o'erwheming ſhades of endleſs night:
To me her preſence is eternal day;
Day has no tongue; what Chloe deigns to ſay,
More than the Siren's artful ſongs, can move;
To me her voice breathes muſic, life, and love.

PAULUS

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS.

On an unlawful Love. Epig. 45.

LET not the baneful power of Love
With vain deſires thy boſom move;
For know, reſiſtance arms the mind
Againſt that God ſo weak and blind.
But ſhould you, author of your pains,
To amorous fancy give the reins:
Love's arrows, by the gentleſt touch
(Their moſt myſterious power is ſuch),
Will quickly in your tottering frame
Kindle an heart-conſuming flame.

PAULUS

PAULUS SILENTARIUS.

On a game at Chess. Epig. 69.

I.

THESE toys can to a thinking mind
The varying face of Fortune ſhow;
Life's mimic picture, here we find,
Where mixt with ſhades bright colours glow.

II.

That man an equal fame obtains,
Who, or in life, or here at cheſs;
Still maſter of himſelf, diſdains
Of grief, or joy, the mad exceſs.

PAULUS

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS.

On Virtue. Epig. 71.

I.

NE'ER lament her tyrant power,
Nor in Fortune's ſmiles repoſe:
What is life? a ſtormy hour,
Slave of every wind that blows.

II.

Whilſt you ſail on life's vaſt ocean,
At the helm let virtue ride;
Truſting to your bark's calm motion,
Fear no more the wind and tide.

PAULUS

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS.

On Prudence. Epig. 75.

TO breathe is not life; but to caſt away care,
That wrinkles the forehead, and whitens the hair.
A modeſt attention to money is juſt;
Too great, of the mind is the canker and ruſt.
Thus careful of fortune, nor leſs of your health,
Enjoy the glad gifts of exiſtence and wealth:
'Tis thus that the wiſe man his maxims purſues,
And ſketches in hope what his reaſon would chuſe.

LEONTIUS.

ON THE DEATH OF PLATO THE MUSICIAN.

Epig. 22.

I.

WHEN Orpheus died, tho' mute with woe,
The Muſes ſought their native ſky;
Plato detain'd a while below
The fleeting ſoul of harmony.

II.

But now ſince ruthleſs Fate has torn
From you, ſweet Bard, thy ſacred lyre,
In you a double loſs we mourn,
"A maſter's hand, a poet's fire."

MACE-

MACEDONIUS.

ON A LADY PAINTING HER FACE.

Epig. 15.

YOUR glaſs indeed will not declare
You paint your cheeks, torment your hair.
But Pindar does ſuch fraud arraign:
Attend; how apt the poet's ſtrain!
"Water is beſt:" the meaning trace,
Lay by your paints, and waſh your face.

MACEDONIUS.

Epig. 21.

I.

YE ſouls, for whom yon goblet flows,
Baniſh dull cares and hoſtile ſtrife;
This ivy wreath and caſk compoſe
The mirthful hiſtory of Life.

II.

When wine enlivens every vein,
Great Mars, I'll ſeize your bloody ſpear;
I'll brave the winds and ſtormy main;
Wine laughs at danger, ſcoffs at fear.

Ibid. ON A RECLUSE LIFE. Epig. 35.

FAREWELL, O Memory; farewell,
Oblivion! in my lonely cell,
Of former joys no thoughts remain,
Of former miſeries, no pain.

MACE-

MACEDONIUS.

On Hope. Epig. 39.

THO' Hope will oft our mortal ſchemes betray,
And tantalize our wiſhes by delay;
Yet ſtill ſhall Hope my chearful hours employ,
And paint to Fancy's eye each future joy;
Tho' oft deceiv'd, yet plans on plan ſhall grow;
Nor heed I Ariſtotle's critic brow;
Anacreon! thy genial rules are mine,
To live and laugh, and never to repine.

BRUNCK, Vol. III.

EPIGRAMS ANONYMOUS.

Inscription on a Temple.

Epig. 239.

DEAR to the virtuous and the wise,
This Temple's lofty colums rise;
No idle ceremonies here
The image of Religion bear.
If Vice still lurks within your heart,
Hence, O unwelcome guest, depart:
Vain are ablutions here, you'll find,
To purify the guilty mind.

BRUNCK.

ON THE STATUE OF A VENUS CLAD IN ARMOUR.

Epig. 249.

I.

TO Venus arm'd, Minerva cries
Before young Paris now appear:
Smiling, the Queen of Love replies,
A worse disgrace, Minerva, fear.

II.

Without the aid of art, my charms
Paris and Mars alike admire;
When beauty borrows strength from arms,
For you, 'tis prudent to retire.

BRUNCK.

On the Statue of a Racer.

Epig. 313.

THUS when alive appear'd ſwift Leda's face,
Alert, impatient, breathleſs for the race.
His eager attitude, his flaſhing eyes,
Proclaim his glowing wiſhes for the prize;
Impetuous is his hope; his ardent ſoul
Springs from his quivering lip to reach the goal;
Such is the ſculptor's animating art,
The ſtatue from the baſe is ſeen to ſtart;
Of matchleſs ſkill, illuſtrious Myro, hail,
Your ſtatue wins where human ſpeed would fail!

BRUNCK.

BRUNCK.

On a Fountain. Epig. 363.

I.

NEAR this fount and ſhady bower,
By theſe ſpreading laurels grac'd:
Shepherd, ſpend the noon-tide hour,
There the cooling waters taſte.

II.

Double pleaſures ſhall engage
Here thy wearied ſteps to ſtay;
Pureſt ſtreams your thirſt aſſuage,
Freſheſt ſhades your heat allay.

On growing rich in my latter days.

Epig. 4. 35.

POOR in my youth, and wealthy in old age,
Still muſt I mourn my unpropitious fate:
When gold and pleaſures could my mind engage,
I pin'd in want; now Fortune ſmiles too late.

To

To BACCHUS.

Epig. 48.

I.

YOUR wealth, O Crœsus, to obtain,
I have wish'd in some ungenial hour:
And when Ambition fir'd my brain,
I have envy'd Persia's King his power.

II.

But when I see Nicanor's care
To crown you urn with rich perfume;
And every solemn rite prepare,
To decorate the lonely tomb;

III.

For gold no longer then I pine;
Willing I lay my sceptre down,
And chearfully such joys resign,
Great Bacchus, for your ivy crown.

On Valour.

Epig. 455.

WHEN the bold matron ſaw her daſtard ſon,
Stript of his armour, from the battle run;
Quick thro' his heart ſhe whirl'd the furious ſpear,
And thus arraign'd his infamous deſpair:
"Traitor to Sparta and your warlike race;
"Hence! hide in ſhades below your foul diſgrace."

ON THUCYDIDES THE GREEK HISTORIAN.

Epig. 539.

IF wiſdom ſhould your mind engage
To trace the bold hiſtoric page;
With deepeſt policy ſupply'd,
Thucydides ſhall be your guide;
If to the rules of poliſh'd ſenſe
Your genius offers no pretence:
Depart—for fools alone deſpiſe
Thucydides, the grave and wiſe.

AGATHIAS.

TO AN ANCIENT BEAUTY.

Epig. 20.

STILL gay, Dorinda, ſtill you bloom:
Nor ſhall invidious Time preſume
To rob you of your charms:
E'en now I praiſe your poliſh'd cheek,
Your ſportive eyes, which yet can ſpeak
Love's hopes and fond alarms.
In vain ſhall Time your form aſſail;
Nature and paſſion will prevail.

AGATHIAS.

THE QUESTION. Epig. 64.

EUSEIA, rich in gold and land,
To a poor fiſher gave her hand.
Ophion, dazzled with his gain,
Grew haughty, petulant, and vain.
Venus, ſays Fortune, looking ſly;
Who play'd this trick pray, you or I?

ANONY.

ANONYMOUS. 260.

ON THE STATUE OF PAN PLACED NEAR A FOUNTAIN.

STRANGER, who near this meadow ſtray,
Repoſe awhile: mild Zephyrs play
Around yon pine, whoſe leaves among
The graſshopper repeats his ſong:
See near this fount and cooling ſhade,
Of noontide heat no more afraid,
Leaving yon lofty hills, the Swain
Joyous renews his ruſtic ſtrain:
Awhile enjoy theſe calm delights,
To morrow onward—Pan invites.

LUCIL.

LUCILLIUS.

On ragged Philosophers.

Epig. 47.

WHO now is Fortune's scorn, or Learning's foe,
No honest trade will practise or will know:
His shaggy beard, rough staff, and tatter'd vest,
Mark him at once Philosopher profess'd:
My friends, who ne'er the smiles of Fortune knew,
Cries sage Hermodotus, my plan pursue:
Let this long cloak your meagre forms protect;
And feast upon the credit of your sect.

NOTES.

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On the Figure of a BACCHANTE by SCOPAS.

SIMONIDES, Epig. 81. (P. 7.)

" What is this form," &c.

SCOPAS the ſculptor was born in the 87th Olympiad, and was eminent above many illuſtrious artiſts of his time. See Plin. lib. 34. cap. 8. lib. 36. cap. 5. See Hor. lib. 4. od. 8. and Martial, lib. 4. epig. 39. See F. Junius on " The Painting, &c. of the Antients;" from whence theſe references are taken, and where, in the Life of this Artiſt, the above epigram is quoted.

The claſſical reader may ſee a very animated and particular account of this figure of a Bacchanial Female in Calliſtratus' " Treatiſe of ancient Sta-" tues," where the beauty of the outline, and the

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ſtrong expreſſion of temporary madneſs, are deſcribed with all the energy of a writer and the taſte of a connoiſſeur.

Editio Philoſtrati, Pariſiis, A. D. 168.., p. 865.

To PLUTUS. TIMOCREON RODIUS. (P. 8.)

"Theſe fair domains of earth and ſea," &c.

PLUTUS was conſidered by the antients as the God of Wealth and Avarice. Acheron was the ſtream in the infernal regions of ancient fable.

To a NIGHTINGALE. Epig. 13. (P. 12.)

"A ſongſter ſhould a ſongſter ſpare."

THE tranſlator renders the ΤΕΤΤΙΞ of the original by the word "graſshopper," as is cuſtomary, though he is aware that the inſect which the Greeks meant by ΤΕΤΤΙΞ and ΑΚΡΙΣ, the Latins

tins by Cicada, and the Italians by Cicala, differ in ſpecies from the Engliſh graſshopper, as the former inſect is frequently repreſented by the Grecian, Roman, and Italian poets, as ſitting on trees and uttering melodious ſounds. See Plin. Nat. Hiſt. for an account of the Cicada.

To Melissa.

Asclepiades. Epig. 4. (P. 15.)

"Go, Chaplet, at Meliſſa's gate,"

THE cuſtom alluded to in this epigram was frequent among the antients. The lover offered a chaplet, or crown of flowers, to his miſtreſs, adorning the portals of her houſe, or affixing it to the threſhold. The lover conſidered this preſent as an emblem of victory over the affections of his miſtreſs, or as a leſſon to her of the ſhortneſs of Beauty's reign. Athenæus deſcants with much fancy on theſe love offerings in his 15th book of his Sympoſ.

On Anacreon. Epig. 38. (P. 17.)

THIS ſtatue, ſo expreſſive of the manner of this lively old poet, is mentioned in the firſt book of Pauſanias. "In the citadel of Athens is the "ſtatue of Pericles, the ſon of Xanthippus, and "one of the fathers who engaged with the Per-"ſians near Mycale, in Caria. The ſtatue of "Pericles is at a diſtance from the others; but "near that of Xanthippus ſtands one of Anacreon "of Tros, who rivalled Sappho in the compoſi-"tion of Love Verſes. His attitude reſembles "that of a man who had been drinking to ex-"ceſs." See Pauſanias, Attic. p. 44. Anacreon was born at Teos in Ionia 532 years before Chriſt, and lived chiefly with Polycrates the tyrant of Samos, to whom he was a counſellor and companion. His works are a tranſcript of his life; and his death was occaſioned by a grape-ſtone ſticking in his throat. A late tranſlation of this poet is no doubt in the hands of all Engliſh readers to whom poetry is recommended by delicate repreſentations of love and gaiety.

THE PRUDENT CHOICE.

CALLIMACHUS, Epig. 37. (P. 21.)

"To Pittacus a ſtranger came," &c.

Diogenes Laertius, in the life of Pittacus of Mitylene, who lived about the 42d Olympiad, and who was a great warrior and legiſlator, mentions another of the ſame name who had diſtinguiſhed himſelf by giving laws to his countrymen. To this laſt perſon Laertius aſcribes the above epigram, and ſuppoſes he was induced to give this advice by experiencing the unhappineſs of an oppoſite conduct. He married himſelf a woman of birth much ſuperior to himſelf, and of a ſpirit whoſe ebullitions called frequently upon his patience and philoſophy. Of the latter he gave a ſtrong inſtance in his anſwer to Crœſus, the opulent king of Lydia. "You invite me," ſays Pittacus, "to viſit you, and be a ſpectator of your "immenſe wealth: of this I am already con- "vinced, that Crœſus is the wealthieſt of mo- "narchs; nor will my journey to you be for the "ſake of obtaining any thing. I have enough for "myſelf and friends. I will viſit you for the ſake

" of your hoſpitality and friendſhip." See Stanley's Lives of the Ancient Philoſophers.

On Water-Drinkers.

Antipater Sidon, Epig. 8. (P. 22.)

Read, " Not Pleiads *, *ſinking* to the Weſtern Main,"

for " *dreadful*," as in the original.

* The Pleiades were a conſtellation in the ſign Taurus, whoſe fall commenced at the latter end of November, threatening ſtorms and rains, &c. See a Note on Heſiod's Nights and Days, line 615, edit. Oxon. 1736.

On

On the Tomb of Aristomenes.

Antipater Sidon. Epig. 92. (P. 24.)

ARISTOMENES was a general of the Meſſenians, (inhabitants of Peloponneſus,) who defended his country againſt the Spartans in the year 685 before the Chriſtian æra. He marched into Lacedæmon by night, and fixed a ſhield on the portal of the Temple of Minerva in that city. This action ſtruck a panic into the Spartans. On the third attempt to invade the enemy's country he was ſeized and put to death. When the body was opened they found the heart entirely covered with hair. See Dictionaire Hiſtorique, à Caen, 1783.

On the Statue of Time or Opportunity.

Posidippus. (P. 25.)

"Say what the ſculptor's," &c.

WE have, in the Note on the Statue of Alexander, given an account of the merits of Lyſippus the famous ſtatuary. F. Junius, in his account of this artiſt, quotes the above epigram. Pliny commends this artiſt for invention in deſign, as well as his tranſcending happineſs in execution. The above beautiful allegory, if it aroſe from the genius of the ſtatuary, is an ample teſtimony of the firſt praiſes of Pliny.

On the Statue of Alexander. (P. 27.)

PLUTARCH, in his Life of Alexander the Great, has quoted this epigram, and mentions Lyſippus as the favourite ſtatuary of that monarch. Lyſippus, ſays that author, could alone give a juſt idea of the perſon of Alexander. He made the

the head of his ſtatue incline gently towards his left ſhoulder; his countenance elevated to the heavens; and his eyes, animated and engaging, expreſſed with accuracy the character of that ambitious prince. Pliny has given ample teſtimony to the merit of this ſtatuary. "Lyſippus added much improve-" ment to his art, by making the hair flowing, " the heads of his ſtatues leſs than the more an-" cient, the bodies more ſlim, which gave a greater " appearance of height to his ſtatues. He adopted " a new method in his proportions, and ſubſti-" tuted in the place of ſquare angular figures, ſta-" tues diſtinguiſhed by their grace and ſymmetry." Nat. Hiſt. b. 34, ch. 8. Lyſippus was born in the 114th Olympiad. See Fr. Junius "On the " Paintings, &c. of the Antients."

On Astronomy.

Ptolemy, Epig. 2. (P. 28.)

THE author of this epigram (though Brunck has not remarked it in his notes) may be Ptolemy the Second king of Egypt, who imitated his father

father Ptolemy Lagus in his encouragement and cultivation of the arts and ſciences. To his court Euclid the mathematician, Lycophron, Theocritus, and Callimachus added ſplendor and reputation. He augmented the famous library at Alexandria which his father had founded, ſo that at his death 200,000 volumes compoſed that celebrated collection. At his command, it is ſaid, the Septuagint verſion of the Old Teſtament was undertaken, though authors on this point ſeem undecided. The circumſtance that appears preſumptive of his being the author of the above ſpirited eulogy on Aſtronomy is, that Euclid gave him lectures on Geometry. The monarch, at the entrance of this abſtruſe ſcience, alarmed at the difficulties, aſked Euclid if there were no other mode of obtaining the rules. There is no royal method, replied the philoſopher, of learning mathematics. See Dictionaire Hiſtorique, articl. Ptolemy and Euclid.

Dio-

DIOGENES SPEAKING TO CHARON.

ARCHIAS, Epig. 34. (P. 29.)

" Stern guardian of this gloomy ſhore," &c.

DIOGENES was a native of Sinopis, a city of Pontus, and born in the firſt year of the 114th Olympiad. His father, it is ſaid, traded in exchange of money, but being detected in coining falſe money, he fled his country. The ſon was ſuppoſed to be the companion of his flight and his guilt. Diogenes afterwards led a mendicant life, and acquired the name of a Cynic, or Snarler, from the aſperity of his manners. Some ſayings of his remain, which may entertain the reader from their intrinſic ſhrewdneſs, and as they tend to develope the character of the man. " Againſt " fortune," ſays this ſage, " we muſt oppoſe cou- " rage; againſt nature, law; againſt our paſſions, " reaſon." Being aſked, " Why men gave to " beggars, and not to philoſophers?" he replied, " Becauſe they are afraid of being lame and beg- " gars, but not of being philoſophers." Seeing a young man bluſh, " Take courage," ſays he; " that

" that is the colour of virtue." He ſaid of learning, " It is a regulation to young men, a comfort " to old men, and an ornament to rich men." Entering the houſe of Plato, he trampled on his fine carpets, exclaiming, " Thus I tread on the " pride of Plato."—" And with equal pride, Dio- " genes," replied Plato.

On a Portrait of Medea by Timomachus.

Antiphilus Byzant. Epig. 20. (P. 35.)

MEDEA is related to have been a magician of Colchos, who, falling in love with Jaſon, one of the Grecian heroes who went on the expedition to ſeize the golden fleece, ſhe aſſiſted him, and procured him ſucceſs. To revenge her huſband on Pelias, who had ſent Jaſon on this adventure, ſhe perſuaded the daughters of Pelias to ſlay their father, and promiſed to renew his youth, by boiling his reliques in a cauldron. She ſucceeded with the daughters, but not in the experiment. Jaſon, diſguſted with her cruelty, deſerted her; on which ſhe murdered the children ſhe had by him.

him. Of the truth of this ſtory and character authors are not convinced. As a fable it gave riſe to the tragedy of Euripides, and the ſtatue of Timomachus, who rendered himſelf illuſtrious by the execution of this deſign. He lived in the age of Julius Cæſar. F. Junius gives a further account of this portrait, and quotes the above epigram.

On Leonidas.

Antiphilus Byzant. (P. 36.)

"Great Chief," &c.

LEONIDAS, the immortal king of the Lacedæmonians, in the year 480 before Chriſt, defended the Straits of Thermopylæ with 300 choſen ſoldiers againſt the immenſe army of the Perſian king. Xerxes offered him the command of all Greece if he would enter into treaty with him; "No," replied the Spartan; "I would rather die "in the defence of my country, than be king of "it without a right." On Xerxes's demanding him to deliver up his arms, "Come and take "them,"

"them," replied the hero. On being aſked, "Why brave men preferred death to life?" "Be-"cauſe," ſays Leonidas, "to Fortune they are "oft indebted for the latter, for the former to "Virtue." The tranſlator has not met with the circumſtance mentioned in the epigram, but fancies it may be the fiction of the author, as the ſentiment ſeems agreeable to the magnanimity of Leonidas and the humanity of Xerxes.

On Themistocles's empty Tomb.

Diodorus junior, Epig. 10. (P. 37.)

AFTER ſerving his country (Athens) with the courage of a moſt ſkilful and intrepid general, and with the wiſdom of a moſt conſummate politician, againſt the innumerable forces of Aſia, this celebrated commander was baniſhed from Greece. In the king of Perſia he found a friend and a protector. The province of Magneſia was entruſted to his government by the king, which he defended with his uſual proweſs and ſucceſs. At his death his friends conveyed his aſhes privately

vately to Athens, and buried him in ſecret as an outlaw. See Smith's Thucydides, b. 1. Cornelius Nepos has given a very noble character of this unfortunate hero.

On a Venus armed.

Leonidas Alex. Epig. 24. (P. 39.)

NATALIS Comes, in his Third Book of Mythology, quotes this epigram when he ſpeaks of the reſiſtleſs power the antients attributed to the Queen of Love. Pauſanias, in his Corinthiaci or Second Book, mentions in a temple at Corinth a ſtatue of Venus armed, a figure of the Sun, and Cupid ſtanding by her holding his bow. The meaning of theſe fables is too obvious to need any explanation.

To a Miser.

ANTIPHANES MACEDON. Epig. 4. (P. 41.)

" You ſoon muſt die, of all bereft
" You prize; one only penny left."

THE antients imagined that the bodies of the deceaſed were carried over a ſtream on the confines of the Infernal Regions in a boat, and that the ferryman demanded a penny of each paſſenger. This fable is ingeniouſly accounted for by the learned Bryant in his Mythology: in which he relates a very curious cuſtom among the Egyptians, from whom the Greeks borrowed this article of their religious faith.

Charon was the name of a ſuperb temple dedicated to the Sun, which ſtood oppoſite Memphis, on the weſtern ſide of the Nile. It was near the ſpot where moſt people of conſequence were buried. There is a tower in this province, but at ſome diſtance from this place, called Kirvon at this day. As Charon was a temple near the catacombs, or places of burial, all the perſons who were brought to be there depoſited had an offering made on their account upon being landed on this ſhore;

ſhore; hence aroſe the notion of the fee of Charon, and of the ferryman of that name, &c. See Bryant's Mythology, vol. I. p. 439, edit. Lond. 1774.

On an old Lady painting her Face.

Lucian, Epig. 6. (P. 47.)

"For all the paint, you look ſo well in,
"Will ne'er make Hecuba an Helen."

HECUBA the wife of old Priam king of Troy, Helen the beautiful Spartan woman carried away from her huſband Menelaus by Paris the Trojan, and in whoſe cauſe the war againſt Troy originated among the confederate ſtates of Greece. See Pope's Homer's Iliad.

The cynic philoſopher Diogenes on ſeeing an old woman painting her face obſerved, "If for "the living, you are deceived; if for the dead, "haſte to them." See Stanley's Lives of the Philoſophers.

LUCIAN, Epig. 24. (P. 49.)

"Of thouſands numbered with the dead," &c.

FOR theſe three lines ſee Pope's Tranſlation of the Iliad, in the beginning of the firſt book.

ON PRODIGALITY.

LUCIAN, Epig. 30. (P. 52.)

TIMOTHEUS * uttered this ſevere invective againſt the extravagance of Ariſtophon, "To "the man whom no fortune can ſatisfy, no act "of meanneſs will ſeem diſhonourable." Ælian's Various Hiſtory, book 14, chap. 3.

* An Athenian general of eminence.

To

To a Coxcomb with a frightful Countenance.

Lucillius, Epig. 19. (P. 56.)

"Reverſing ſad Narciſſus' fate."

NARCISSUS, the ſon of Cephiſus and Sinope, was beautiful in the extreme. This youth had a ſiſter ſo very much like him in face and figure (the male and female dreſſes bore a ſtrong reſemblance), that the eye could not diſtinguiſh them. The brother and ſiſter were equally fond of the chaſe, and conſtant companions in it: hence aroſe a mutual attachment. On the death of his ſiſter he was wont to repair to a fountain, often a refuge to both from the fatigue of the chace, and there conſole himſelf, in ſome meaſure, for the loſs of his ſiſter, by bringing to his mind the fond remembrance of her. On fixing his eyes on the ſtream, in his muſing, he ſaw his ſhadow in the water, and, though he knew it was his own, yet, ſtruck with the exact reſemblance to the charms of his ſiſter, he fondly imagined it to be hers. Near this fountain the un-

happy and deluded Narciſſus ſpent many an hour of real grief and fanciful happineſs, engroſſed by the contemplation of the ſhadow, and fixed immoveably to the ſpot; from whence this fountain was named afterwards "Narciſſus's Fountain." See Pauſanias, b. 9, p. 589, ed Hanov. 1613.

On two Pictures of Deucalion and Phaeton, by an indifferent Painter.

Lucillius, Epig. 93. (P. 58.)

DEUCALION was king of Theſſaly in the year 1500 of the world, who with his wife was ſaved from a deluge which overflowed his country. See Dictionaire Hiſtorique.

Phaeton, as the poets relate, was the ſon of Apollo and the nymph Climene, being laughed at by an acquaintance on his doubtful birth, he was perſuaded by his mother to aſk a favour of Apollo that might acknowledge him as his ſon. The youth requeſted the chariot of the Sun ſhould be committed to his guidance for a day. The unhappy charioteer, unable to reſtrain the fury of the

the immortal ſteeds, was carried from his courſe, and Jupiter, to prevent the conſequence of his raſhneſs, ſtruck Phaeton with lightning. Dictionaire Hiſtorique, à Caen.

On the Picture of Philoctetes, By Parrhasius.

Glaucus, Epig. 5. (P. 61.)

"Your art, ingenious painter, can renew," &c.

PHILOCTETES was the ſon of Pæan and a companion of Hercules, who, at his death, beſought him to bury his arms, and never to diſcover the ſpot. The Greeks heard of the oracle, that Troy would never yield to their arms if they did not obtain the arrows of Hercules. Upon this Philoctetes pointed out the ſpot by ſtamping with his foot upon the ground. This infidelity to his friend was puniſhed by the fall of an arrow on his foot, which occaſioned ſo loathſome a diſorder, that the Greeks were obliged to leave Philoctetes on the Iſland of Lemnos, deſerted, and

labouring under an extremity of pain and diſeaſe. The Engliſh reader may remember a farther account of the diſtreſs of this hero in the beautiful epiſode in Fenelon's Telemachus, where that prince viſits the Iſland of Lemnos.

Quintilian, after having ſpoken of the antient mode of colouring in Polygnotus, and Aglaophon, after them, ſays, at no great interval of time (for they both flouriſhed during the Peloponneſian war) lived Zeuxis and Parrhaſius. The former artiſt is celebrated as giving riſe to a due proportion of light and ſhade in his pictures; the latter for the accuracy of his outline. So juſt was this artiſt in his deſigns that he obtained the name of Legiſlator, ſince, ſays Pliny, his pictures gave laws to ſucceeding painters; and his repreſentations of gods and men impoſed on other artiſts a reſtleſs neceſſity of imitation. In Fr. Junius's "Account of the antient Painters, Sculptors, "&c." in the article of Parrhaſius the reader will find various other teſtimonies in honour of this artiſt, and find the above epigram there quoted. Rotterdam edition, 1634.

ON SILENCE.

PALLADIUS ALEXAND. Epig. 77. (P. 72.)

"Silence, to thee Inſtruction owes
"The bleſſings ſhe on man beſtows," &c.

PYTHAGORAS, a very antient and renowned philoſopher. He was born in the 592d year before Chriſt. His early and eager deſire of knowledge carried him into the remote parts of Africa and Aſia. From the Egyptian prieſts and from the Brachmans he learned much uſeful knowledge, which, on entering Italy, he diffuſed through that part of the world with great diligence and fame. Of his ſcholars, who were very numerous, he required two or five years probationary ſilence before he admitted them to an audience. His travels into Egypt had taught him his enigmatic mode of inſtruction; and this doctrine of abſtinence from the fleſh of beaſts, founded on the Indian doctrine of the human ſoul aſſuming often the figures of animals, eſtabliſhed his reputation for humanity and temperance. In politics and mathematics he was eminently converſant. A proof of the former ſcience he gave

by expelling a tyrant from Crotona in Italy, and eſtabliſhing an ariſtocracy, compoſed of thirty of his pupils, whoſe juſt adminiſtration rendered that form of government popular in Italy. The latter ſcience he enlarged by his demonſtration of the ſquare of the hypotenuſe. See Stanley's Life of Diogenes Laertius.

The Offering of Lais to Venus.

Julianus Egypt. Epig. 4. (P. 79.)

"Lais ſaw Nature's quick decay," &c.

THIS celebrated courteſan was born at Hycarra, a town in Sicily, and brought into Greece by Nicias the general of the Athenians, when he ſtormed and plundered that city. At Corinth ſhe firſt diſplayed the wonderful attractions of her perſon and converſation. Nobles, ſtateſmen, and philoſophers, frequented her houſe; Demoſthenes and the cynic Diogenes aſpired to her favour. At Corinth, ſays Pauſanias, her name was long held in great eſtimation, and the Grecians in Theſſaly erected a ſtatue to her memory. Pauſan. Corinth. b. 2. edit. Hanov. 1613.

On

On the Statue of Æsop placed before those of the antient Sages.

Agathias, Epig. 35. (P. 85.)

THE learned and acute Bentley has with much curious inveſtigation decided againſt the authenticity of thoſe fables which aſſume the name of Æſop. See his Diſſertation on the Epiſtles of Phalaris and the Fables of Æſop; publiſhed together with Wotton's Reflexions on antient and modern Learning. Printed at London, 1697. Bentley has charged Planudes Maximus, a monk of Conſtantinople, A. D. 1327, with forging theſe Æſopian fables, and with adding a life of the author abounding in falſehoods and abſurdities. See Dictionaire Biblioth. printed at Caen, 1783. The original Æſop, reſpected for his talents, and eminent in moral philoſophy, was patronized by Crœſus, king of Lydia, and employed by him in ſeveral embaſſies to the Grecian ſtates. See Bentley's Diſſertation in anſwer to Boyle. The ſophiſt Philoſtratus, in his firſt book of Sculpture and Painting, mentions an allegorical painting, where the genii of fables are repreſented ſurrounding

ing Æſop as their patron, whilſt a chorus of animals, with the fox as leader of the company, ſtand round this celebrated fabuliſt or comedian of the animal world. Æſop is repreſented with a ſmile on his countenance, his eyes caſt down on the ground, intimating his ſly humour, and humble yet forcible powers of inſtruction. See Philoſtratus, jun. ed. Paris, 16..8.

ON THE DEATH OF PLATO THE MUSICIAN, LEONTIUS, Epig. 22. (P. 98.)

"When Orpheus died," &c.

OF Orpheus and the powers of his muſical talents ſtories are frequent in the antient authors, but carry with them a palpable appearance of extravagant fiction. Pauſanias ſpeaks of a ſtatue of this very antient poet of Thrace, where a figure repreſenting myſtery, and animals liſtening to his ſong ſurround him. See his Bœotic. b. 9. His Hymns and other ſacred poems are attributed to an author in the age of Piſiſtratus, the tyrant of Athens.

Athens. Who Plato the muſician was, as Brunck remarks nothing of this epigram, it may be difficult to conjecture. Diogenes Laertius, in his Life of Plato the celebrated philoſopher, mentions, Plato a ſage of Rhodes, another a ſcholar of Ariſtotle, and a fourth a writer of the antient comedy (a ſpecies of drama where real characters with the names of the perſons repreſented were inſerted.) To this bard who flouriſhed in Greece about a century after the famous philoſopher of that name, this epigram may refer, as it praiſes him for his talents as a poet and muſician.

ON A LADY PAINTING HER FACE.

MACEDONIUS, Epig. 15. (P. 99.)

" Water is beſt, the meaning trace," &c.

See the firſt lines of the Olympic Ode of Pindar.

ON

On Hope.

Macedonius, Epig. 39. (P. 101.)

"Nor heed I Ariſtotle's critic brow," &c.

THE very extraordinary abilities of the venerable father of antient philoſophy, though acknowledged and applauded by his contemporaries, did not exempt his mind from envy, and the love of cenſuring the tenets and practice of other philoſophers: and a ſtrong proof of this aſſertion may be ſeen in his Treatiſe on Morals, addreſſed to his father Nichomachus, where he appears aſſiduous in carping at the doctrines of his preceptor, the immortal Plato.

On the Statue of a Racer.

Brunck. Epig. 313. (P. 104.)

THE exerciſe of running was in great eſteem among the heroes of antiquity, inſomuch that ſome uſed means to burn or parch their ſpleen, which they conſidered an aſſiſtance to their breathing. Homer thus mentions the quality of ſwiftneſs:

"No greater honour e'er can be attain'd
"Than what ſtrong hands or nimble feet have
"gain'd."

Pope's Odyss. b. II. v. 147.

So neceſſary was ſpeed of foot to the character of an antient warrior, that the hero of the "Iliad" is diſtinguiſhed by the epithet "Swift-footed." In Holy Scripture David, in his lamentation over thoſe two great captains Saul and Jonathan, dwells on this quality: "They were ſwifter than eagles, "and ſtronger than lions." See Potter's Grecian Antiquities, article Olympian Games.

On

ON VALOUR.

Epig. 455. (P. 107.)

"When the bold matron ſaw her daſtard ſon,"
&c.

WHEN the Spartan matrons hear of the deaths of their ſons in battle, they repair to the ſpot and examine their wounds, both before and behind: if thoſe in front are more in number, they carry their bodies in great pomp an dignity to their paternal ſepulchres; if the wounds behind exceed thoſe in front, they leave the bodies with heavy ſighs of grief and ſhame to be buried in the common heap, or carry them home in great ſecrecy, and bury them in the moſt private manner. Ælian's Various Hiſtory, b. I. ch. 2. See alſo in Huntingford's Monoſtrophics a very noble ode founded on this chapter of Ælian.

On Thucydides, the Greek Historian.

Epig. Anon. 539. (P. 108.)

THIS celebrated Hiſtorian was born at Athens in the year 475 before Chriſt. Bred up to the profeſſion of arms he diſtinguiſhed himſelf at an early period. In the breaking out of the Peloponneſian war he formed the deſign of writing the hiſtory, as he foreſaw it would be of long continuance. Being worſted in an engagement, commenced in defence of an Athenian garriſon, he was baniſhed his country by the clamours of a faction headed by Cleon. In this part of his life he compoſed the hiſtory of the Peloponneſian war. An eye-witneſs himſelf of a great part of this contention, his narrative claims much attention. Of his ſtyle one of the beſt critics of antiquity has given this account: "In this Greek author," ſays Quintilian, "though his ſtyle is much com-"preſſed, you may deduct ſomewhat, not indeed "without deſtroying the compoſition, but with-"out detriment to the ſentiment; but in Salluſt "a word ſuppreſſed injures the ſenſe." Dionyſius Halicarnaſſ. has made various ſtrictures on the

the obſcure and embarraſſed ſtyle of Thucydides; but his political knowledge recommended him to the orator Demoſthenes, who read his works with unremitted attention, and tranſcribed them ſeveral times. Dictionaire Hiſtorique à Caen.

On the Statue of Pan placed near a Fountain.

Anonymous, Epig. 260. (P. 111.)

"Awhile enjoy theſe calm delights,
"To morrow onward—Pan invites."

PAN was celebrated by the antient poets as the firſt of the rural deities. He was therefore a guardian of ſhepherds, of their flocks, and of all natural productions. Agreeable to this account of him his ſtatue is here repreſented near a fountain as the guardian of the place.

On

On ragged Philosophers.

Lucilius, Epig. 47. (P. 112.)

THE raillery of this epigram seems directed against the ostentatious and hypocritical followers of the sect of the Cynics. Antisthenes their founder was a scholar and admirer of Socrates, from whom he learned the habits, temperance, and labour. After the death of his master he gave rules to a sect. Their diet was slender, their cloaks sordid; they expressed, on all occasions, a contempt for wealth, glory, nobility, and the arts. Their dress was such as the epigram describes. They adopted the noble doctrine of the Stoics, that Virtue was Happiness. According to a variety of minds this philosophy operated either by a surly pride or meanness of manners, which made them often the just object of contempt and hatred to the rich, and the more polished sons of science. See Stanley's Lives of the Cynic Philosophers.

On Study.

PLATO, Philoſoph. Epig. 30. (P. 13.)

"Ye nymphs, to Venus," &c.

THE propriety of the Muſes thus replying to the menaces of Venus will occur to the reader, when he recollects that the Queen of Love is often repreſented on antient coins in a recumbent poſture, ſurrounded by the ſymbolical figures of Sloth. See Spence's Polymetis. The Muſes are always repreſented intent on ſome employment, and emblematic of the whole circle of the arts. See Montfaucon's Antiquities. The allegory is obvious and elegant.

On a Sailor's Tomb.

Julianus Ægypt. Epig. 49. (P. 80.)

"Blame not the boiſterous," &c.

THE modern reader, acquainted with the preſent improvements in navigation through Europe, ſmiles at the frequent epigrams in the Greek Anthology which allude to the dangers of the ſea, and expreſs ſuch abhorrence of all nautical adventures; but when he conſiders that the ancients knew not the uſe of the compaſs, and were comparatively deficient in the various branches of the mathematics, his contempts in a great meaſure abate, and he praiſes the courage of thoſe who ventured at all on the ocean with ſuch few advantages from ſcience and ſkill.

On Learning.

Agathius, Epig. 58. (P. 80.)

"The picture's variegated dyes," &c.

THE following lines in the Diſſertation on the Poem of the Luſiad by its animated tranſlator, deſcanting on the neglect of poetry, and the unjuſt preference paid to the ſiſter arts, illuſtrate the ſentiments of the above epigram with great beauty and force:

— — — — Deep eternal Night
Has o'er Apelles' tints ſo bright while ere
Drawn her blank curtains, never to the ſight
More to be given: but, cloath'd in Heaven's own light,
Homer's bold painting ſhall immortal ſhine.
Wide o'er the world ſhall ever ſound the might,
The raptur'd muſic of each deathleſs line;
For Death nor Time may touch their living ſoul divine.

See the Luſiad, tranſlated by the late William Julius Mickle.

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